THE NATION

APRIL 5, 1958 . . 25c

THESE ARE THE UNEMPLOYED

Reports from

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LETTERS

Prophetic Paganism

Dear Sirs: C. Wright Mills's prophetic, if pagan, attack [*The Nation,* March 8] against preachers . . . is in the best religious tradition. Ironically, it is organized religion in America (and perhaps in the world) which is both the greatest critic of mass murder and the greatest supporter. In the United States, who have opposed the cessation of nuclear-weapons tests? One can name a few scientists, a few professors, a few editors, but one can name many more churchmen who have spoken out. . . . Thus for every Bertrand Russell (another pagan), Norman Cousins, Linus Pauling, or C. Wright Mills, there is an Albert Schweitzer, Martin Niemoeller, Clarence Pickett or Paul Tillich.

God is not dead, for He exists partly in the writings of C. Wright Mills.

HOMER A. JACK,
Minister, Unitarian Church of Evanston

Evanston, Illinois

[*For reprints of Mr. Mills's article, use order blank on page 302 of this issue.*]

Faith and Facts

Dear Sirs: Professor Siekevitz' A New Ethics for Science, in your March 15 issue, is refreshing and forthright. However, I take issue with his statement: the "faith of the scientist . . . rests upon no fact. . . ." Also, he evades a key question: do the facts ". . . mirror the True Picture of Reality . . ."? That the facts do so has been and still is the *raison d'etre* for the scientific method —not "faith." Otherwise, science would be a sham.

SHELDON ZULKOWITZ

Brooklyn, New York

Reinhardt and Craig

Dear Sirs: I was delighted with Mr. Lincoln Kirstein's article on Robert Edmond Jones [*The Nation,* March 22] except for the phrase about Reinhardt. To state that Reinhardt "vulgarized many of Craig's proposals" is to say what Mr. Craig has encouraged us to say. I have never seen it backed by any evidence that really counts and my own conclusions, based on quite a lively interest at least, is that Reinhardt's work would have been just what it was had Craig never lived. And though Reinhardt could be vulgar on occasion, he was not in general a vulgarizer but, on the contrary, provided some of the finest twentieth-century examples of non-vulgar, even anti-vulgar theatre.

ERIC BENTLEY

New York City

The Pitch Was Wide

Dear Sirs: John Schneider's "pitch" [Why We're Losing the Propaganda War, *The Nation,* March 1] was amusing and to some extent informative, but hardly on the crucial question it posed. If Soviet propaganda is but advertising with a pitch, based on shrewd market analysis, is it not surprising that a nation with probably less than one billboard to a hundred square miles should have developed better hucksters than the experts who so loudly hail us every minute, on the minute? However, I seem to recall that few people, indeed, are induced to change their brand of cigarettes by advertising alone. Is there perhaps another factor besides their presumed superiority in advertising know how which causes Soviet influence to spread and ours to wane?

HARRY GRUNDFEST

New York City

Dear Sirs: "What we have is a union-management corporative economy," says Mr. Schneider. Well, a rose by any other name, etc. Whatever we may choose to call our economy, its current downward trend is doing much more to close the gap between us and Soviet production than the really phenomenal rise of the USSR industrial machine. For instance, while Soviet production of steel has risen by six to eight million tons yearly, our own production has dropped by fifty million tons! This fact is "Soviet propaganda of undeniable high potency."

JOHN W. HARVEY

Hollywood, Florida

Midnight Frolic

Dear Sirs: We think it might be of interest to *Nation* readers who enjoy doing the crossword puzzle to know that a group of "fans" met Frank Lewis the other night to discuss various techniques used in the process of making and solving the puzzles. We found that some worked alone, some in groups or teams. One group devised a unique procedure, solving the puzzle every week over the telephone in the midnight hours from 11 to 1:00. We do not know whether other groups have been inspired to do likewise, but we recommend it as good sport. Some fans have recourse to reference books; others consider this poor sportsmanship.

On one point there was enthusiastic unanimity—that one of the high spots of the week is the time devoted to finding the answers to these witty and provocative questions. All of us look forward to a continuation of the stimulating entertainment Mr. Lewis provides.

EDITH HAAS
LUCILE KOHN

New York City

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1958
VOLUME 186, NUMBER 14

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Catching Up with What?

In the post-sputnik era, "catching up with the Russians" has been the great hue-and-cry. What was meant was catching up militarily, and now that we have three satellites aloft to their one (even though our last one is a little lame), many of us do feel much better. But for how long? The trouble with an armaments race is that once you have caught up, you must surpass, and then your adversary must surpass you, and there is no end to it unless the race ends in the classical way, which in the present instance would mean an end to everything. So we never could get very passionate about catching up in this lunatic race.

If we are to catch up in any meaningful way, it will have to be in an utterly different sense. The reports in this issue from Detroit, Boston, Los Angeles and St. Louis should free us momentarily from our obsession with what the Russians may do to us, and make us look at what we are doing to ourselves.

Except for the unemployed, a recession is not without its good side, for it tends to restore the national ego to less inflated proportions and to allow the still, small voice of the national conscience to be heard. Indeed, some questions are being asked which nobody except political eccentrics would have asked six months ago. Our correspondent from Boston, for instance, asks when we are going to put unemployment compensation on a uniform, nation-wide system, instead of leaving the unemployed at the mercy of a crazy patchwork of states' rights, or as it works out in practice, states' abuses.

But, aside from limited reforms of this nature, doesn't our situation—and didn't it even before the recession—call for what engineers call "rethinking through"? It is not only we who suggest this, but some of the distinguished contributors to the Committee for Economic Development's symposium on the socio-economic problems of the next twenty years. One of these, Professor Moses Abramovitz of Stanford, argues that "multiplication of goods and services no longer promises the large rewards it used to do." A large part of our production, he points out, "satisfies only trivial or frivolous needs . . . homes with multiple television sets, the radio in almost every room, the automobiles whose sole purpose is to stand at the suburban railroad station to await their masters' return [the suburban railroad, he might have added, is speeding toward bankruptcy], the over-obsolescence of durables, the silly elaboration of packaging." Hadn't we better shift toward objectives such as better education, public health, helping the poor at home and abroad? Once this vista is opened up, there is no end of catching up for us to do.

Sullivan & Khrushchev

A month or two ago James Reston wrote in *The New York Times* that when General Eisenhower was supreme commander in Europe any subordinate of his who turned in a performance like that of John Foster Dulles as Secretary of State would have been summarily fired. When Mr. Reston made this unkind but incisive observation, a clamor was rising against Mr. Dulles; for a few days it really looked as if he might be sacked. But the President rescued him with the dictum that he was one of the wisest of American statesmen. Since then Mr. Reston, normally no respecter of persons, has been of two minds regarding Dulles: on even-numbered days he has one view, on odd-numbered days, another.

We are not troubled by any such ambivalence. It is not that Mr. Dulles lacks patriotism, pertinacity, or shrewdness. Nor are there many Americans with longer experience in diplomacy. It is simply that he brings to a novel diplomatic situation techniques and attitudes which are no longer relevant. Mr. Reston refers to Mr. Dulles' former position as a senior partner of Sullivan & Cromwell as a measure of his shrewdness and competence. The trouble is that the Russians and the Chinese are not the kind of operators who pay attention to the fine print tucked away in the bond or contract. The masses whom they are working to get on their side not only don't understand these subtleties, but are for the most part too hungry even to try. Nor, with such techniques, is it possible to keep the attention, much less arouse the enthusiasm, of the American people.

According to Reston, Mr. Dulles was "depressed," on returning from the SEATO conference, to find the Soviets so much in the headlines. But the basic policy of containment which Mr. Dulles pursues so doggedly, automatically yields the initiative to the Soviets by being negative and static. And it is here, in the fashioning of

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policies, that Mr. Dulles is even less effective than at the level of techniques. There is no substitute for creativity, even in diplomacy, and creativity is what Mr. Dulles lacks. His futile efforts to shore up a world that began to disintegrate at the Paris peace conference (which he attended as a young man) are not only a disservice to the West, they are becoming ridiculous.

By all indications, worse is to come. Khrushchev, newly appointed Premier to succeed Nikolai Bulganin, has given some hints that the Soviet Union may terminate nuclear tests unilaterally—on the eve of the tests which we have scheduled in the Pacific. If the Soviets fail to make such an announcement, they are missing a propaganda coup of a type with which they have been scoring constantly. It is hardly likely, therefore, that they will pass up Mr. Dulles' latest opening.

The rebound of all this lands squarely on the President. When will he grow tired of acting as Mr. Dulles' shield and buffer?

Five Questions for the Summit

1. Water being two-thirds hydrogen, is there any absolute assurance that a hydrogen bomb miscarried by a ballistic missile would not detonate the hydrogen of the ocean and blow the earth out of existence?

2. Is it not fairly certain that the detonation of all the nuclear charges possessed by the United States and the Soviet Union, in a nuclear war lasting three or four days, would render the earth uninhabitable?

3. Granting that the disappearance of the human race would be a blessing to the earth as an organic whole, ought we in the process to destroy other animals of higher morality and greater common sense?

4. If it should be discovered tomorrow that anthropoid apes were on the verge of producing atomic weapons, would not the United States and Soviet Russia at once send joint forces (conventional of course) for their extermination?

5. What reason is there to believe that the hydrogen bomb would be more dangerous in the hands of anthropoid apes than it is in our own?—*Irving Brant.*

The Scientist as Soldier

Down at Fort Belvoir in Virginia the Army is having trouble with its soldiers. They've boycotted the mess halls, they refuse to keep their shoes shined and their hair cut, they show an unheard-of proclivity for speaking up in the presence of their betters. Affairs have reached a point where one officer has been heard muttering that the penalty for mutiny is the firing squad.

Tough guys? The sweepings of the slums, the graduates of reform schools? Not a bit of it. These recalcitrant G.I.s are college graduates, mostly with masters degrees and a good many with Ph.Ds. They are chemists, physicists, mathematicians, engineers, and they are at work on some of the more advanced intellectual pursuits that must concern a modern army. It's a sad dilemma for the master sergeants—a man capable of understanding the merit of Planck's constant is almost invariably incapable of understanding the merit of peeling potatoes or shining buttons. Scientists are not much given to spit and polish—they look perfectly wretched on parade. Is it possible that the technique of war has been developed to a point where the military mind cannot grasp it? Are we to be saved by the irony of the gods?

Long John on the Elbe

In the long perspective, it doesn't matter much whether the West German Army is armed with nuclear weapons or with bows and arrows. When the ICBM reaches operational stage, the button-pushers can sit in Cape Canaveral and in the Kremlin; only the shadows of missiles, rushing East and West, need touch German soil. But this halcyon day is yet too far off for our practical men of affairs, and in the interim, under the present concept of Western strategy, the *Bundeswehr* must be ready to accept at least "conventional" atomic weapons. Not unsurprisingly, considering that they have so recently emerged from the rubble of World War II, there are a lot of West Germans who want no part of nuclear warheads, strategic or tactical, conventional or unconventional. The result was a debate in the Bonn Parliament last week which, in the bitterness and invective provoked, rivaled the riotous Reichstag days preceding Hitler's rise to power.

The Social Democrats and Free Democrats who opposed the Adenauer program for complete military cooperation with NATO charged the Chancellor with being a "warmonger" and harboring a "lust for power." They all but charged Adenauer's Defense Minister, Franz Joseph Strauss, with being a Hitlerite. Outnumbered in Parliament, the opposition felt that it had a majority of West Germans behind them; only a month ago, a public-opinion poll showed that 81 per cent of the people were opposed to acceptance of atomic arms. The Social Democrats, at one point, threatened to pull a general strike, but only if (how very German!) the Parliamentary system should threaten to break down under the strains of debate.

The Parliamentary system didn't break down, however, and in the end Adenauer's solid Christian Democratic majority, as expected, won the day. The Social Democrats talk, somewhat wistfully, of forcing the issue to a popular referendum; they are not likely to have their way. The fact is that the *Bundeswehr* is now officially receptive to the gift of Matadors, Long Johns and Nikes the moment NATO is ready to extend the gift. Nevertheless, the Western Alliance can get little satisfaction out of the victory. Passionate and wide-

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spread dissatisfaction with the fundamental concept of Western strategy has manifested itself in the very area which that strategy is designed to defend. The men behind Britain's Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament (see Paul Johnson's article, H-Bomb Over Britain, in the March 29 *Nation)* have found vigorous allies. And Poland moves into a new and key role in the world scene. Either the West accepts Warsaw's concept of disengagement, or it must be prepared to see Polish soil—and probably East German—bristling with bases for the Soviet versions of the Matadors, Long Johns and Nikes.

The Bigger Picture

Frederic Meyers' comments on proposed labor legislation so neatly anticipated the major recommendations of the Senate Select Committee on Improper Activities in the Labor-Management Field (see *The Nation,* March 1) that additional comment is not required. But two aspects of the report have been played up by the press in a manner that distorts the general perspective. The committee's estimate that some $10,000,000 in funds of the unions investigated have been "either stolen, embezzled, or misused" has drawn the heaviest headlines. The figure is shocking even if one keeps in mind that the sample is highly selective. But in an article that attracted few headlines, *Fortune* (November, 1957) pointed out that each year between $500 million and $1 billion is embezzled from American business firms, with half of all embezzlements going undetected and with only one of every ten discovered defaulters being brought into court. Total business embezzlements exceed by far the total sum stolen each year by burglars, pickpockets, armed robbers and auto thieves.

The next heaviest headlines were drawn by those portions of the committee's report which called attention to dictatorial practices in the unions under investigation. On this score, a glance at J. A. Livingston's well-timed book, *The American Stockholder,* is enough to restore editorial perspective. Mr. Livingston, financial editor of the Philadelphia *Bulletin,* flatly states what everyone knows, namely, that "corporation democracy" is a myth. "Corporations," he writes, "are not democracies. They are plutocracies." Commenting on "the eroding status" of the 8.6 million stockholders in American corporations, Mr. Livingston states that their position, in relation to management, is analogous to that of "spectators at a ball game." Incidentally, he has some tart comments about corporate executives who, in his view, have become a kind of "tax-sheltered elite."

Neither of the comparisons here set forth, of course, is entirely apt. Embezzlers in business have far greater opportunities than embezzlers in trade unions; there is more loose change about. And a member of one of labor's worst baronies cannot, like an aggrieved stockholder, "sell out" and take his losses. All the same, it is important to keep in mind that unions are not the only or the worst offenders against the democratic code (see Meetings Without Members, by Glenn W. Miller, in last week's issue); nor are union officials the only Americans occupying positions of trust who occasionally exhibit sticky fingers. The editorial cameras should be focused on the bigger picture: why do we produce so many cheats? why do we pretend to be more democratic than we are?

A Little More of This and the Depression Should Be Licked

Washington.—The Army reports it will scrap material with an original cost of $2,000,000,000 in fiscal year 1959. The Navy will dispose of material that originally cost $1,903,000,000. The Air Force scrap pile for 1959 will represent an original cost of $1,685,000,000.

Total: $5,588,000,000.

The rapid rate of obsolescence in the modern arms race is the main reason for the tremendous cost in scrapping material.—Chicago *Daily News.*

Reciprocity and Senator Wiley

Senator Wiley, former chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and now ranking Republican member, has advanced an admirable suggestion. He wants the State Department, in cooperation with American educators, to set up schools in Moscow and other Russian cities which would carry forward an "education-for-peace" program. *The Nation* endorses the proposal without a moment's hesitation. While it is unlikely that we could send Dan Wakefield to cover the unveiling ceremonies in Moscow, he would be on hand, we promise, at the opening of the school which the Soviets would have every right to establish in New York. A Soviet school, conveniently located, might turn out to be a tourist attraction of a potency that would offset the closing of Ebbets Field and the Polo Grounds. Undoubtedly Senator Wiley is prepared to accept the principle of reciprocity. After all, reciprocity has been part of our tariff policy since 1880; why shouldn't it apply in cultural matters as well?

The Franchise of Humor

In *Back to Methuselah* (written in 1921), Bernard Shaw suggested peevishly that there is more to running a country than playing a good game of golf. The producers of the play's present New York revival spent some time before opening night debating whether this allusion to golf should be struck from the text, lest it be construed by President Eisenhower as a personal slur. This squeamishness is grotesque, but it

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is only a straw in the wind of what is now wrong with us as a people. We have become altogether too polite for our own good; we are adopting the fudgy manners of television quiz masters and have forgotten that kidding and the more serious device of lampoon are indispensable weapons of democracy. It is notorious of dictators that they can dish it out, but they can't take it—American leaders have always taken it or have soon lost leadership. Cartoons of Lincoln were used to frighten babies, the hats of Coolidge were a national joy. Roosevelt's jutting cigarette holder became a symbol of the arrogance that went with his greatness, and does no one remember what happened to Harry Truman when he undertook to instruct a music critic on his business? We don't think Eisenhower—for all the conditioning of Army protocol—fears or avoids the sting of public comment. But those around him build up a legend that he is as sensitive as a princess in a tower. Shaw's crack about golf obviously has nothing to do with Eisenhower. It will get a laugh, though, because of its topical reference—and it should. Anyone who fails to laugh out of deference to Ike has renounced the franchise of humor, which is at least as important as the franchise of the voting booth.

THESE ARE THE UNEMPLOYED

While depressions invariably mean breadlines and suffering, they differ one from another in important details. The differences show up in what may be termed their human profiles no less than in their statistical graphs. In the four reports which follow—from Detroit, Los Angeles, Boston and St. Louis—a pattern emerges that is in some respects unique. It is, perhaps, not surprising (since this is a depression in the classic mold) that unemployment should be hitting hardest at the unskilled and semi-skilled production worker; what is surprising is that the most frequent victim is the youthful, vigorous worker with a young family to support—the kind that normally would be expected to be dismissed last. Equally surprising is the fact that men seem to be losing their jobs faster than women, and that—with the possible exception of St. Louis—the Negro seems to be suffering in no greater proportion than whites. In the American labor market, women and Negroes traditionally have been the marginal worker.

Obviously, new and powerful factors are at work which affect the issue of full employment. Automation is one; another is the trades union which, while protecting the woman, the Negro, the older worker, also leaves vulnerable the young worker with low seniority. The stories which follow are thus more than a commentary on the current situation; they open a Pandora's box of problems which can be solved not through temporary expediencies, but only through long-range planning.—Editors.

DETROIT
225,000 jobless

. . . by B. J. Widick

Detroit

IN MAY, 1957, one storm cloud appeared in what was otherwise still a bright and sunny economic sky. A close examination would have shown that the cloud was marked "F.O.B. Detroit." For even then, there were 104,000 unemployed in this city, of which about one-fourth were men and women over the age of forty-five—the age at which it is most difficult to find work. And these 104,000 did not include 40,000 men and women over forty-five who had been out of work so long that they were no longer included in unemployment statistics. Taking all of industrial Michigan into account, unemployment was already averaging close to 200,000 even before the recession started.

What has happened since last summer makes unpleasant news. The failure of the 1958 model cars to catch on added to the impact of other factors pressing the American economy into a decline, and the result has been climbing figures in unemployment here and throughout Michigan.

By January 1 of this year 73,000 persons in the state—more than half of them from the Detroit area—had exhausted their unemployment benefits. Again this figure does not include the overage group whose benefits were exhausted years ago and who simply are not considered part of the statistical picture because they are neither drawing unemployment insurance nor registering at the government employment services for work. By March 1, unemployment reached at least 225,000 in Detroit and more than 400,000 in the state. Furthermore, by that date 20,000 additional unemployed had exhausted all their benefits.

THIS city and this state are harder hit, perhaps, than any other section of the country. Unemployment is close to 15 per cent of the total work force. But the statistics tell only part of the story. The unemployment

B. J. WIDICK, chairman of the chief stewards' body of United Auto Workers Local 7, is co-author, with Irving Howe, of The UAW and Walter Reuther.

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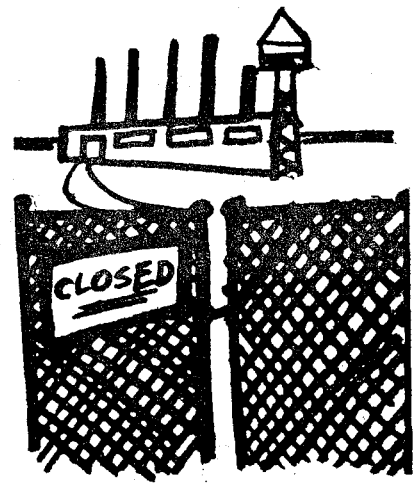
crisis here must be seen in broader perspective in order to appreciate its full meaning.

Detroit is not only an automotive center working at less than 50 per cent of capacity (since 1958 is doomed to be a "poor" year for the auto industry), it is also a city of ghost factories. Many huge plants are as idle as the men who once made a living in them. The 40,000 men and women over forty, referred to earlier as so long unemployed that they are no longer considered to be in the labor market, once manned the Packard plant, Motor Products and a dozen other industrial establishments which are completely shut down. On the industrial East Side, nearly 60,000 jobs were lost through factory shut-downs. Some, like Hudson and Packard, were victims of the Big Three: Chrysler, Ford and General Motors. Now the Hudson plant is being torn down to be replaced by a shopping center and the huge Packard plant now serves as a warehouse.

Who hires men and women over the age of forty? It is a national scandal that very few employers do and then only under dire necessity. Automation and decentralization have added to unemployment. Ford Local 600, once boasting 60,000 members, is down to 28,000; Local 212 has dropped from 30,000 to fewer than 15,000, and Dodge Local 3 from 25,000 to 5,000. The impact of automation may be pointed up another way. In 1947, 648,000 auto workers built five million cars and trucks; in 1957, 652,000 auto workers built 7.2 million cars and trucks. The increased productivity per man was largely due to automation, according to the Automobile Manufacturers Association.

TWO OTHER factors must be considered in evaluating the unemployment problem in Detroit and Michigan. Originally, unemployment compensation was supposed to provide at least 50 per cent of a man's ordinary weekly wage. Outside of the auto workers, who for a time after losing their jobs enjoy a few supplemental unemployment benefit payments, the unemployed as a whole receive less than this minimum. Thus, in a recession characterized by the unusual phenomenon of increased costs of living, the economic difficulties of the unemployed are aggravated. Auto workers who are employed, for example, just received a 3c an hour wage increase under their escalator clause; unemployment benefits, of course, have no such clause, and their inadequacy increases as prices continue to rise.



THE second factor to be considered is that when men and women are unemployed today they lose more than just their weekly income. As a result of the fringe-benefit gains of the union movement, millions of employed workers have health insurance, hospitalization and life insurance policies, as well as pension rights. After a brief period of unemployment, all these gains are automatically wiped out. There are in Michigan, for example, thousands of auto workers with ten years' seniority who have been laid off and are not expected to be recalled, who permanently lose all these benefits.

It is difficult to estimate the social damage contained in the grim statistic that since the first of January, forty-five families a day in this area have been losing their homes. Nor should one be deceived by the failure of welfare figures to climb sky-high. Responsible community-service officials assert that most unemployed persons resist bitterly going on welfare even to save their mortgaged homes from foreclosure. The CIO has had some astonishing experiences in this field since last fall. Workers don't want charity; they want work.

There exists another and increasingly prominent feature of the unemployment situation that needs deeper probing. This is the fact that, when times are bad, the same people tend to be laid off repeatedly. These are what unemployment officials call "repeaters." In an industrial area like Detroit or Pittsburgh or Chicago, the first impact of a recession or decline in business in any given industry results in the same low-seniority workers going out into the street. They, and the men and women over forty who always have difficulty getting jobs in any period, tend to form a hard core of permanently unemployed. This may be illustrated by asking a simple question: where can the unskilled worker find a job in a largely unionized area like Detroit or Pittsburgh or Chicago, where most plants are under union contracts and workers who have been laid off have first recall rights? The Michigan Employment Security Commission has instituted a series of semi-annual studies of its own data to obtain more accurate information on the social composition of the unemployed. Preliminary findings tend to bear out the viewpoints expressed here, although the commission's officials are not as categoric in their judgments.

WHAT they will not challenge, however, is the estimate that Dr. William Haber of the University of Michigan, a recognized authority on unemployment, made in a recent interview with the Detroit *Free Press*. Dr. Haber gave an "educated guess" that after the recession is over—whenever that may be, late 1958 or in 1959—Michigan will still have around 175,000 unemployed. Most of these will be concentrated, of course, in the Detroit area. To rephrase the statistic and give it more meaning: Even if the recession were over and America were to return to 1956-57 industrial levels, Michigan and Detroit would still have to be classified as "distressed labor areas," since more than 6 per cent of the work force would be unemployed. And this would occur in a state in which, by every indication, at least 50,000 additional unemployed workers will have exhausted all their unemployment benefits by

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July 1, 1958, and thus join the 73,000 already in that sad state.

The basic reasons for this bleak outlook are automation, the disappearance of marginal plants unable to survive the recession, and the increase in the work force due to population growth. In the 1949 and 1954 recessions, the unemployment crisis did not reach the scope of the current situation partly because the auto industry did not suffer as great a setback as it has at the present time, and secondly because many of the unemployed returned to the South or other areas from which they had recently migrated. Today "hard times" exist all through the country, and the unemployed in Michigan and Detroit have no other place to go. This is true of both Negro and white workers. As an indication of this phenomenon, fewer than 10,000 Detroit and Michigan unemployed have returned to their home states and filed claims for benefits there.

IT IS small wonder that there is almost complete silence on the part of industrial and business leaders in Michigan on the problem of unemployment at the present time. One does not hear these days, as one did in 1954, remarks like C. E. Wilson's "bird dog" crack at the unemployed, or Henry Ford II's "Unemployment in Detroit does not amount to a hill of beans"—Ford's contribution to the 1954 recession. It is hardly likely that the auto-industry leaders have modified their outlook sufficiently to give at least a silent prayer of thanks to the CIO and the New Deal elements who fought for, and obtained, cushioning factors like unemployment insurance and supplemental unemployment benefits which thus far have alleviated the crisis sufficiently to prevent any explosion.

Of course, if the Keynesian economists don't turn out to be right and the government fails soon enough to "pump-prime" one way or another, the picture for this area will be even gloomier. The sensitivity of the labor unions and of politicians in both major political parties, as well as growing public alarm at the mounting unemployment, suggest that the problem of permanent unemployment—a feature of the Detroit and Michigan industrial economy—will be tackled sooner or later in a more fundamental fashion than the expedients now under discussion in Washington. This is a time for a new look at the unemployment crisis in America, and the Detroit and Michigan example suggests a close study which will provide findings less pleasant and Pollyanna-ish than the mass of evasive statistics or optimistic statements which emanate from the professional optimists and politicians in Washington.

BOSTON
45,300 jobless

. . by John C. Cort

Boston

LAST WEEK I was talking to a friend, a man with five small children who had recently lost his job. He said, "After the first week out of work the tension starts creeping up the back of your neck and goes right to the top of your head. And the only thing that can cure it is a good stiff drink."

Stories on unemployment, including this one, are bound to be soggy with statistics. In reading the figures, it might be helpful to think of them in terms of men, like my friend, who are trying to stay sober and sane at the same time, but are not quite sure they can make it.

In capsule form, the situation in Massachusetts is as follows: unemployment is estimated at 158,000, which is 7.5 per cent of the work force and about 50,000 more than this time last year. Greater Boston has 45,300 jobless. All industries have been hit except for finance, insurance and real estate, services, miscellaneous and mining (first time I realized we had any mines in the Commonwealth), and state and local government. The last category accounted for an increase of 6,000, which could indicate either that unemployed citizens are being put to work on local work projects or that the politicians are taking care of their friends, an appropriate phenomenon in the land of the last hurrah.

One of the more disturbing items in the breakdown is that the number of men receiving unemployment benefits is going up much faster than that of women. As of March 15, the figure was 66,000, an increase of 28,000 from a year ago, whereas the number of women on the benefit rolls had risen only from 26,000 to 38,000. Since men are traditionally the bigger money-makers and breadwinners, this reflects the rate at which purchasing power is dropping and hunger increasing in this state.

If you have been following closely up to this point, you will have noticed that only 104,000 are receiving state unemployment benefits out of the estimated total of 158,000 unemployed. Another 7,000 are getting either veterans' or federal employee benefits. This leaves 47,000 who are either unlucky enough to have been working in an "uncovered" industry or occupation (mainly self-employed, farming, local and state government, domestic service, charitable, religious and educational institutions) or who have exhausted their benefits.

The latter would mean that in most cases they have completed the twenty-six weeks for which they were eligible for benefits. It is no surprise that the "exhaustees" are increasing every month. Last month, there were 5,400 new exhaustees as compared with 3,600 in February, 1957. In the week ending March 15, there were 1,700 new ones, which would mean a monthly rate of over 7,000.

All hands, or at least most hands, are looking hopefully to Washington for passage of the Kennedy-McCarthy bill, which would increase from twenty-six to thirty-nine the maximum number of weeks for receiving benefits. This would do much to ease the problem of the exhaustees, who are currently ap-

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proaching the point of no return unless things pick up rather quickly. The bill would also provide for a new benefit maximum of two-thirds of the average wage, or about $50 as compared to the present maximum here of $35 per week. It should be added, however, that the state pays $4 more for each dependent under eighteen, which makes things a little easier for my friend with the five kids. How inadequate this is to keep human flesh and spirit intact should nevertheless be evident to every reasonable man. Even Senator Kennedy's bill is not going to make up the difference.

A small number of our unemployed are getting SUB (supplemental unemployment benefits, originally known as GAW, or guaranteed annual wage), mainly through contracts held by the Auto Workers or Steel Workers. This would include the 1,200 who were laid off when Ford closed its Somerville plant on March 14, one of the most discouraging single fold-ups that has hit this area in some time.

NEW ENGLANDERS are resigned when another textile mill closes. The collapse of this industry has come to be one of the accepted facts of life. Nevertheless, I was surprised, in looking at the figures, to see how much of a collapse it has been. Since 1947, textiles have slid from a work force of 130,000, by far the largest manufacturing industry in the state, to a current employment of 56,000, which leaves them in fifth position behind electrical products, machinery, leather and leather products (another declining industry, but more slowly) and apparel.

What really depresses us, however, is to see a progressive, modern industry like autos close up a plant. And we are not exactly cheered by the spectacle of lay-offs in the electrical industry, which had added 22,000 jobs in the ten years between 1947 and 1957 and is now our largest manufacturer, with something over 90,000 jobs. In every discussion of the New England economy, somebody sooner or later mentions the word "electronics" and everybody feels better. But now we see that there are about 6,000 fewer jobs in this industry than there were a year ago. Most of these lay-offs, incidentally, have been in the big General Electric plants in Lynn and Pittsfield.

Geographically, the saddest area in the state is still Gloucester, where 19.9 per cent of the work force is on the street or the beach. Ironically Gloucester, one of the worst spots in the nation, is along with Lawrence one of the only two areas in the state that has more jobs than it did a year ago. Which perhaps means that the fishing industry, still another sick one, has reached rock bottom at last.

Lawrence has edged upward from a bad 11.1 per cent to 10.6. The effort to fill up the abandoned textile mills with diversified industry is paying off slowly.

Everywhere else the picture is darker. In North Adams, there has been a jump in the jobless from 6.3 per cent to 15.6, the worst deterioration in the state. Mayor O'Connor of Springfield reports triple the normal unemployment from that area, or about 15,000 of a labor force of 150,000, and has asked his city council for money to put people to work on sewer and road projects.

Fall River and New Bedford, which were bad a year ago, are worse today, with percentages running over 11 and 10 respectively.

STRANGELY ENOUGH, one of the areas least hurt has been that of Greater Boston, which accounts for 45 per cent of the state's total labor force. And it is perhaps this fact that makes the big difference between Massachusetts and a state like Michigan, where the principal city is operating at so poor a fraction of capacity.

The difference is probably that Boston is strong in the white-collar and institutional trades, which have been least affected by the recession so far. A year ago, for example, Boston's unemployment percentage was 3.4, which is a bit lower than the healthy norm. Today it is a little over the norm, but still well under the national average. And despite the ever-mounting tax rate, which has everybody half sick, there was a wave of something approaching enthusiasm in the old city as the Prudential Insurance Company moved ever closer to the day when it will break ground for its big new business development on thirty-two acres in the Back Bay now occupied by railroad yards.

This could make a difference, too, in the construction industry, whose unemployment figure has risen from 13,000 a year ago to 20,000 on March 15. There should be plenty of building jobs soon in the Back Bay.

TO SUM UP, Massachusetts could be in worse shape, but it could also be very much better. Judging from unemployment benefit figures, the situation is at its worst since the recession of 1949 (current claims for total and partial unemployment number 114,000 as compared with 117,000 in March, 1949). In that year, the Commonwealth paid out $115,000,000 in benefits and almost busted its fund. As a result the merit-rating system was suspended for three years and all employers were forced to pay the maximum levy of 2.7 per cent of payroll. This in turn put the state's industry at a nasty competitive disadvantage with states that pay lower benefits and for this reason can afford to give their employers a lower rate on payroll taxes. Now Massachusetts is back down to a rate of 1.6 per cent, which is not much above the national tax average of 1.3, but somewhat more than such states as Texas and Ohio (0.7 per cent) or Virginia, Colorado and Iowa (0.5).

Which brings us to the ancient question: "How long, O Lord, are we going to allow the states of the union to bid against each other for new business with the coin of human hunger and despair?" It would seem to be more than about time that we cut out this heartless nonsense and put unemployment compensation under a uniform, nationwide system whose benefits and tax rates are established by federal law. The Kennedy-McCarthy bill is a move in the right direction, but only a move.

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LOS ANGELES
172,500 jobless

. . . by Gene Marine

Los Angeles

"LOS ANGELES," like "insanity," is a term without a specific meaning. It is a city, or a county, or a general area—or, perhaps, an attitude. The Los Angeles papers talk blandly about "the Southland," which seems to stretch three hundred miles from Santa Barbara to San Diego and inland to Nevada.

As an employment center, it's equally difficult to throw a boundary line around. We can't talk about "the Southland" without taking in the *braceros* in the Imperial Valley or the bar-pallored cocktail waitresses in the glorified Indian oasis called Palm Springs. On the other hand, restricting our scope to the city, or even the county, would leave out many vital parts of what is considered to be a single economic unit.

But we have to start somewhere, and the easiest way is to fall back on doing what the State Department of Employment does—a method that will enable us to use their figures. We'll discuss Los Angeles and Orange Counties—a combination which includes most of what is known to northern Californians as the sprawling megalopolis that is "Los Angeles." And here, as you might expect if you know the area, things are backwards.

The general picture, of course, scarcely needs telling. The state's computers, human and mechanical, figure the total labor force in these two counties to be about 2,650,000 (all the figures are for February, the latest available) and 172,500 of them are unemployed.

BUT THOSE of you who live in relatively settled areas get a different picture from a word like "unemployment"; in Los Angeles, everything has its unique meaning. A year ago, for instance, the total labor force was 2,586,800. In other words, there has been an influx of over 60,000 workers, come to look for work in the land of golden pavements. Young and impatient families seeking a horizon, older workers forced off the farms by technology and seeking a new start, even the proverbial beauty from Dubuque seeking the secret for the conquest of Hollywood: they all come to Los Angeles.

A year ago, though, only 2.9 per cent of the area's workers were unemployed. Almost equally important, the aircraft factories and the auto assembly plants were running full shifts. And the part-time worker with a full-time family to support doesn't show on today's unemployment figures, but he exists, and in greater numbers all the time.

Today's percentage is 6.5 per cent unemployed. That means completely out of jobs—it doesn't include short-weekers or workers on strike—and it's not only the worst February since 1950, but the worst month, any time of the year, since eight years ago next July. It isn't getting better. Right now, a little of the unemployment is seasonal, and a few categories will pick up; but manufacturing, particularly aircraft and autos, is still on the way down, and herein lies the key to the whole economy.

Los Angeles isn't a strong union town like San Francisco or Detroit, and you'd expect the marginal workers—from the employer's point of view—to be the first to go. You'd expect unemployment to hit first and hardest among the old, the nonwhite, the handicapped, perhaps the women. But the rise in unemployment—which has been steady for the last five months, and which is still going on through March according to the number of unemployment insurance claims per week — has been twice as great among men as among women, and the men have, for the most part, been young, white, healthy and, in most cases, not even suspected of political deviation.

THE reason is in the nature of the place. Los Angeles is a phony town, a Willy Loman kind of town, built on a shoe lace and a smile, a semitropic sun and a hunk of wide-open desert. It has no feeling of permanence and it doesn't nourish roots. As a burgeoning population center, it's new, young — and so are its principal industries. The number of people in Los Angeles with twenty years' seniority on a manufacturing job could ride to work together in a Volkswagen bus.

Take aircraft. The aircraft industry has located heavily in Southern California for a number of reasons —climate and the nearness of large stretches of uninhabited land among them. It's young and new, at least as a major industry, and the overwhelming majority of its workers are young and healthy white men. A year ago, there were 222,900 workers directly employed by aircraft and aircraft-parts manufacturers. Now there are 187,900. In other words, of the area's 172,500 unemployed, 35,000 came directly from the aircraft industry.

Officially, the aircraft industry does *not* include a bunch of classifications the State Department of Employment calls "electrical machinery," "primary metals," "fabricated metals," "machinery (exc. electrical)" and a few other lines—all of which probably include a number of workers connected with, and dependent on, aircraft in one way or another. Every one of these industries employs fewer people now than a year ago. And of course, out-of-work aircraft workers buy fewer cars, eat fewer restaurant meals, put off buying furniture. This effect is only beginning to be felt.

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Because there are, proportionally, more Negroes in auto assembling than in aircraft, there will be proportionately more Negroes out of work soon than there are right now. The auto industry (manufacturing, that is, not distribution or sales) operated here in February with only 2,500 fewer employees than a year before, and part of the drop was due not to cutbacks but to automation. But the state's figures obscure the situation, which will come out into the open in April.

Since last September, workers at Chrysler's Maywood plant have had as few as three full work weeks. The United Auto Workers and Chrysler, therefore, arrived together at the decision that—since a good many workers were making less than they could draw in unemployment insurance—it might be better to cut the work force. The newly unemployed workers can then draw their insurance checks, and the workers remaining at the plant can work longer weeks and draw more pay. The layoff will run somewhere between 750 and 1,500 men.

General Motors' South Gate plant—Buicks, Oldsmobiles and Pontiacs—has had only five full work weeks since last autumn; they have been trying to maintain two-shift operations (according to a local labor writer, they "wanted the nucleus of a second-shift force ready in case the market took a sudden upswing"), but they, too, threw in the towel in March, and laid off 700 workers. Ford's two plants in the area continue on half-time, or nearly half-time, schedules and consequently still don't make the unemployment statistics.

THERE ARE 67,000 fewer workers employed in manufacturing alone than there were a year ago. The *total* employment figure hasn't dropped nearly that far. That is, while other employment has actually risen in some cases (*e.g.*, finance and insurance, government and "service"), manufacturing has dropped to offset it and more.

That's who the unemployed are: the young, healthy men—many of them veterans—who work in the aircraft factories and the machinery plants and on auto assemblies. The other major employment area with heavy unemployment is construction—due partly to bad weather, partly to tight money—and here, too, it is the men who are out of work, though the age average may run a little older and the percentage of Negroes fractionally higher.

Of the nearly two and a half million who *are* working, nearly a million are in manufacturing or in contract construction, even today—and these are the areas where unemployment has hit hardest. The unemployed, then, are skilled men to a degree—carpenters, welders, machinists—though not the most highly skilled. The most highly skilled, of course, are those who think of their work not as a job but as a profession, and these remain in demand: *top* engineers (not just anybody with an engineering degree), professional nurses, graduate social workers and high-level electronics technicians.

The effect of this unemployment spreads—it spreads slowly, but it spreads. As fewer people eat out, fewer people ride buses, fewer people shop in department stores, the pattern will become more "classic": the older workers and the nonwhites will rise in the unemployment percentages. Undoubtedly one reason why there is not a greater percentage of Negroes among the unemployed today is the fact that employers and some unions did such an efficient job of keeping them out of decent jobs in the first place.

But at the moment, the man who's looking for a job in Los Angeles is—just as you might expect in the weirdest town in the world—the man whom, traditionally, employers want most to hire: the young, healthy, semi-skilled white man. He's finding out now at first hand that the pavements not only aren't golden; they make the feet sore just like pavements everywhere.

ST. LOUIS
71,800 jobless

. . . by Ted Schafers

St. Louis

AS OF MARCH 1, the number of people officially out of work in the St. Louis area totaled 71,800, according to the St. Louis office of the Division of Employment Security. This was an increase of 33,500, or 87 per cent, over the figures for a year ago. The statistics, moreover, must be taken as conservative, since they are based entirely on officially-reporting sources only. Hundreds of small businesses make no such reports. Nor do the figures reflect the economic impact which the recession has had upon thousands of persons who, while still employed, are working only a three- or four-day week.

Surveys show that hundreds of families are destitute. The breadwinners have lost their jobs, exhausted their savings and either have run out of unemployment benefits or were never eligible for them. And, according to Missouri law, they are not eligible for state welfare relief, which is restricted to "unemployables." No man sufficiently sound in body to hold a job can get state relief in Missouri even if a job is impossible to get.

The result of all this has been distress headlines of a kind which St. Louisans haven't seen in twenty-five years. An unseasonably cold and wet winter hasn't helped matters. Retail sales have been poor, the construction industry is stagnating, and auto sales are down to a crawl.

So bad has been the situation that the city Board of Aldermen has set up machinery to distribute surplus commodities. Some twenty-three carloads of flour, corn meal, cheese, dried milk and rice have been ordered—enough to feed 10,000 families, or between 30,000 and 40,000 mouths.

HURT HARDEST by the recession are semi-skilled and unskilled production workers, particularly those

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who, as relatively recent arrivals in the area, are on the bottom of seniority lists in union shops. According to the St. Louis Employment Security Office, 71 per cent of the area's unemployed are factory workers; 53 per cent of them are unskilled or semi-skilled. Only 12 per cent of the jobless are in the white-collar groupings: professional workers, or managerial, clerical or sales personnel.

It is estimated that half of the unemployed in the region are not entitled to unemployment benefits. Of those receiving such benefits, approximately 4,550 had exhausted them by March 1. Benefits may run from $8 to $33 weekly; auto workers enjoy supplemental (SUB) benefits which bring their unemployment income up to 65 per cent of their normal weekly earnings. However, the SUB payments, like the unemployment benefits, run out in time. And, in desperation, workers are turning to private philanthropic agencies, such as the United Fund and the Salvation Army, for help.

The financial pressure is breaking up families. The joint federal-state Aid to Dependent Children program shows a 21 per cent increase in cases since last year. This relief is given to families deserted by the breadwinner, or where the parents are incapacitated. An official of the Salvation Army's Family Welfare Service insists that unemployed fathers are deliberately abandoning their families, at least temporarily, in order to make them eligible for aid.

Leo J. Bohannon, head of the Urban League here, believes that at least one-third of St. Louis' unemployed are Negroes. He challenges the 71,800 figure as too low. "In many Negro areas," he says, "the unemployed are never counted." He points to the fact that in previous depressions, Negro workers were laid off two to three times sooner than white workers. While Mr. Bohannon's argument cannot be proved statistically, the heavy incidence of Negroes in job-application lines and in food lines in this city would tend to confirm his thesis.

THE SOCIAL Planning Council of St. Louis has sharply attacked the state's relief law. "The automatic denial of financial help," it has stated, "reflects an indifference to the needs of people which cannot be justified in the light of Missouri's financial position." George E. Pratt, executive director of the council's information service, estimates that one-half of the unemployed in St. Louis and St. Louis County are ineligible for public aid because of the state's restrictive welfare law. But Governor James T. Blair insists that if the state were to offer relief to all its able-bodied needy, it would cost 50 to 100 million dollars. Even an improvement in the state unemployment-insurance program would mean doubling present payroll taxes, he says.

So the breadlines grow longer, and some observers here fear the cumulative effect if the recession continues much longer.

There are, however, some bright sides to the St. Louis picture:

1. The diversity of industry has tempered the shock somewhat—unemployment here reached only 8.4 per cent of the work force, contrasted to much higher percentages elsewhere in the country.

2. A check of banks, savings and loan institutions and federal-housing officials indicates a remarkably low rate of mortgage failure so far.

3. A survey of industrial managements indicates there have been few cuts in white-collar personnel and no across-the-board salary slashes.

4. With spring here and mortgage credit much easier, homebuilders look forward to an increase of at least 10 per cent in construction. This could provide the needed boost to automobile sales.

5. The city has a major bond-issue program and the state a sizable road-building program going.

7. There are several major redevelopment projects cleared and ready for construction.

8. Money deposits continue to climb, indicating there is untapped buying power ready—and, if public confidence isn't panicked, St. Louis can be back on a reasonable keel by midsummer.

Business leaders look for a leveling out at the 1955 pace. If that happens, the surplus food lines might be just a memory instead of a shadow of things to come.

AGENDA FOR THE SUMMIT . . *by Geoffrey Barraclough*

I. The Setting

London

DOES ANYONE any longer doubt that sometime during the present year, in the autumn, if not in the summer, summit talks are going to be held? It may be true, as Joseph Alsop has said, that not one of the Western leaders means one word of all the innumerable words they have spouted on the subject of East-West talks. But they are in the grip, and they know they are in the grip, of something bigger than themselves. There will be talks because the alternative is too criminally stupid for public opinion to contemplate; and it is public opinion which, ever since the NATO conference in Paris last December, has shaped the course of events. In spite of the never-ending negotiations about negotiations, and the incessant maneuvering for position, it is now as clear as anything can be that none of the Western governments can in the long run resist the growing public pressure — particularly in Western Europe — for negotiations of some sort with the Soviet Union.

The current gambit is for Western politicians, led by a clown-like Lord Hailsham, wildly ringing his bell, to denounce public opinion as hysterical, to talk of defeatism and nuclear

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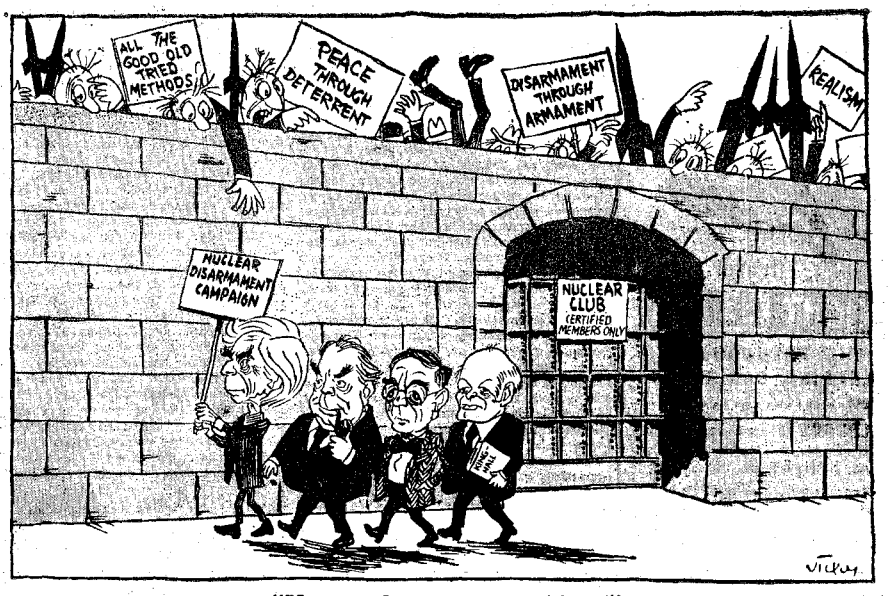
neurosis, and to draw false analogies with pre-war appeasement and the Peace Pledge of 1935. The truth is that, if anyone is hysterical, it is the ministers and politicians: hysterical in their hatred of the Soviet Union, hysterical in their fear of disturbing the status quo, hysterical in their belief that the only result of casting out one devil will be to open the door to seven other devils which, simply because they are newcomers, are bound to be worse than the first. The great swell of public opinion today is due to the conviction that statesmen have been petrified by fear into grotesque and impossible attitudes. No one believes any longer in the "tried and tested" methods of diplomacy, which have led us head-first into a brick wall. No one trusts our foreign ministers, either individually or as a group. Hence the demand for summit talks, which offer one last possibility, before night falls, of breaking through the diplomatic deadlock.

THE plain fact is that it has been left to non-politicians to realize that conventional political methods are about as effective as conventional weapons in the present crisis. It is, of course, perfectly true that we can pin too great hopes on a summit meeting. If we expect a miracle, we are asking to be painfully deceived. When the heads of governments get there, after all, they will be the same weary men surrounded by the same backward-looking diplomats and military and strategic advisers. But that is no reason for not having a conference. It is no good, we are told, holding a meeting—indeed, it may be positively dangerous—unless the foreign ministers or the existing diplomatic channels have already thrashed out the main points of conflict and arrived at some agreement. But merely for dotting the "i"s and crossing the "t"s, for ratifying decisions agreed in advance by the ordinary methods of secret diplomacy, a summit meeting hardly seems necessary at all. This argument, so widely canvassed, seems to misjudge the object and purpose of a top-level conference. It is very possible that it cannot reach definite agreement on specific problems. But such examples as the sessions of the United Nations Disarmament subcommittee hold out no hope that, if we leave it to the self-styled "experts," they will do so either. The purpose of a summit conference is less to achieve specific results than to relax tensions.



"You and your crazy ideas!"

THERE IS, of course, a risk that a summit conference may be a failure, as the 1955 conference was a failure. But is it really true, as our wiseacres tell us, that we shall be worse off in that event? The risk of failure has to be measured against the alternative risks. Of these, it may fairly be said that the least is the one which currently gets the most attention: namely, a continuation of the sterile and frustrating thermonuclear stalemate which bears down on our lives today. There are those, like H. A. Kissinger, in the United States, and Duncan Sandys, British Minister of Defense, who exhort us to steel ourselves to living dangerously forever. There is no reason, Sandys says, why the stalemate should not go on "for another generation or more"—no reason why it "should not go on almost indefinitely." He has the grace to add, it is only fair to say, that "this would indeed be a mournful prospect." But many will doubt whether even this mournful prospect is a realistic assessment of the actual situation. If nuclear weapons go on being piled up, it is sheer wishful thinking to assume that they will not go off. The probability with which we have to reckon, on the contrary, is that, failing positive measures to ban the bomb, acute tension will trigger off an accidental nuclear war.

In any case, to base security — even from the most self-interested point of view — on the maintenance of the present status quo is an illusion. At this very moment the uneasy equilibrium of the past few years is being destroyed by the development of long-range and intercontinental ballistic missiles and by the imminent emergence of other nations—in addition to the USSR, America and England — equipped with nuclear weapons. Within a period of two to three years what we today call the status quo will be a thing of the past; and it is an entirely unwarrantable hypothesis to assume that it will be succeeded by another equilibrium. In other words, the sands are running out; and though it is always silly to speak of a last chance, it is obvious that, if the present opportunity for disengagement and disarmament is missed, conditions a few months hence will be even more difficult. Once the vast military mechanism of long-range missiles, followed by anti-missile missiles, is moving under its own momentum, the chances of calling a halt will be small.

This prospect has still not made full impact on the public mind. The alternative to negotiation is not the

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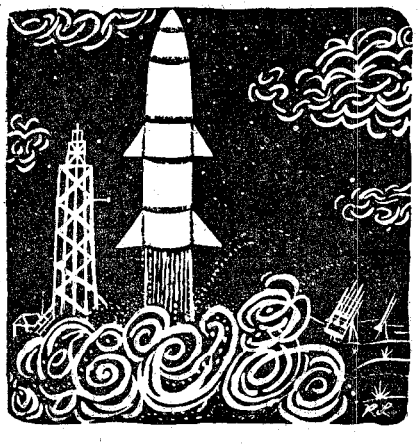
status quo, but rapid deterioration. If there is no settlement now, another opportunity is unlikely to come until the United States is subject to the full blast of Russian intercontinental missiles with nuclear warheads, and at that stage no sane person would pretend that the conditions for negotiation will be anything but worse. America will, in fact, have lost the one advantage it has possessed up to date: its distance and its relative immunity. Oddly enough, tardy realization of this fact seems to have produced in the State Department the very opposite deductions from those the ordinary non-political citizen would draw. Instead of concluding that now is the time to talk, ever since the sputniks went up the objective seems to have been to avoid, or at least postpone, negotiation until the United States has its intermediate-range rockets sited and operative in England and Western Europe. It is a policy of substituting an intensified arms race for negotiation, with all the risks and dangers an arms race is bound to entail.

As we look back over past attempts to find some basis of settlement between East and West and to call a halt to the thermonuclear race, we can see how all have been bedeviled by the false notion that negotiations can only succeed if they are conducted from a "position of strength." It is certainly true that neither side is guiltless in this respect; but for us, on this side of the Iron Curtain, it is more profitable to consider the beam in our own eye than to fret and fume about the mote in the Russians' eye. In any case, we in the West are not the only people who like to negotiate from strength. The less secure the Russian leaders feel, the less likely they are to make concessions. Looked at from this point of view, the launching of the Russian sputnik, far from putting an end to the possibility of talks, ought to have been the signal for renewed efforts to negotiate. In fact, the Russians, instead of becoming more intransigent, immediately made offers which, whether specious or not, were worth far more earnest consideration than they received, and which went beyond anything they had proposed to date. It is a matter of real significance when a power which admittedly is in a position of superiority in regard to the use of outer space, offers to ban its use for military purposes, even if its proposal is linked with conditions which do not suit the West so well.

ONE IS sometimes tempted to think that, in spite of all the talk about the horrors of nuclear warfare and the dangers of mutual annihilation, the holocaust is only a bogey which, in terms of practical politics, is not taken very seriously. If we are going to negotiate, we must make up our minds what we are really negotiating about, what ultimate object we have in mind. Is it to free the world from the threat of nuclear destruction, or is it to secure or preserve or maintain (as you choose to think) advantages in the power conflict between East and West?

The question is fundamental, and until it is fundamentally faced we might do better not to think of negotiations at all. It is, of course, true that few people would wish the West to purchase peace by capitulation to Russia. But it is also true that the Russians will not purchase peace on terms which place them at the mercy of the West. A debate on this level, public or private, is useless. The only way in which the Russians can be brought to make concessions is for the West to make concessions which in Russian eyes would appear equally great. This is the principle of "balanced disarmament" proclaimed by Prime Minister Macmillan, and it is the only principle which makes sense in the world as it is. Clearly, it leaves room for argument whether the sacrifices and concessions offered by the two sides are in fact equal and comparable; but it is realistic because it is based on common interests and not on divergencies. These common interests are a fact, not a theory. Both sides, for example, have everything to gain from preventing the outbreak of a new apocalypse; both sides have good reasons to avoid the spread of thermonuclear weapons until they fall into the hands of an irresponsible government which, using them for some local purpose, will trigger off a nuclear war; both sides, on a lower level, have everything to gain by eliminating the strain on their economies (so evident, for example, in Great Britain) resulting from an arms race.



II. The Agenda

AS TO THE agenda of the summit conference, any attempt to combine political issues (particularly German reunification) with the urgent problem of controlled disarmament, and to make the settlement of one dependent upon the settlement of the other, is probably the greatest present obstacle to progress. It still reflects the old view that somehow or other we can roll back the Soviet position, particularly in Eastern Europe. All experience to date indicates that this hope is unrealistic and is calculated to bring serious negotiations to an end.

These considerations set a term to what any conference can usefully do. The essential points today are, first, to get the troops of the Great Powers at a safe distance apart (disengagement) and thus to minimize the risk of incidents, and then to secure an agreed measure of controlled disarmament. In the present climate of world opinion it is safe to say that both items will figure on the summit agenda. How, with the specter of intercontinental missiles looming over tomorrow's horizon, could any sane person be satisfied with the latter alone? In fact agreement—perhaps even only partial agreement—on no more than five points would be sufficient to bring about the radical change in atmosphere which everyone wants.

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And none of these points is unattainable if approached in the right spirit.

1. The first is the Middle East, which has tended to be neglected in current discussion. Nevertheless, this is probably the most hopeful area—certainly far more easy to deal with than Europe—for the sort of local settlement which might be the first step toward wider agreement. The reason is that neither Russia nor America has yet secured direct military or political control of the Middle East, hence the situation here still leaves room for maneuver and for disengagement. And since this is also a region where internal conflicts might, almost accidentally, touch off a world war if either Russia or America became too closely involved in local politics, it is obvious that even a local settlement here would be a significant contribution to world peace. It can be pursued without difficulty on the basis of existing Russian proposals for joint control and limitation of arms deliveries.

2. Disengagement in Europe is more difficult, but it would be defeatist to assume that it was impossible. Ever since Sir Anthony Eden urged us in 1955 to examine the possibility of a demilitarized area between East and West, a variety of plans have been proposed; and the fact that all have been pulled to pieces by military strategists is no reason to write them off. The Gaitskell and Rapacki plans between them offer a basis for negotiation. The latter has been attacked on the grounds that the creation of a nuclear-free zone in Germany, Poland and Czechoslovakia would be disadvantageous to the West because it would reinforce the numerical superiority of the Soviet conventional forces in Eastern Europe; but both Poland and Russia are known to have recognized the validity of this objection and to have agreed to extend discussion to include conventional as well as nuclear forces in the area. Why this offer cannot be taken up remains a mystery; for it is certainly far better (as George Kennan once remarked) "to get the Soviet forces out of Central and Eastern Europe than to cultivate a new German army for the purpose of opposing them while they remain there."

3. The disarmament plans of 1957, which have been curiously neglected in the current exchanges, are another line where discussion is so advanced that it can easily be followed up. At one stage, before Mr. Dulles visited London in August last, the chances of agreement seemed good. Discussion had then got down to the delimitation of areas of aerial inspection, particularly in Europe. It is true that the original American proposals, which included a great deal of European Russia, but excluded Britain and Italy and much of France, were manifestly unacceptable; but the Russian counter-proposals were balanced, moderate and reasonable. Perhaps for this reason they were never answered by the West. This, however, was the only major point of disagreement; and a resumption of negotiations on the basis of the Russian proposals offers a good chance of at least a measure of conventional disarmament in the European danger-zone, implementing the "open skies" plan originated by President Eisenhower.

4. In the end, the world will feel safe only when the question of nuclear disarmament is tackled directly. What progress can be made in this direction? Hitherto the whole question has been bedeviled by the contention that no inspection system can be relied on. Today we know that atomic scientists are no more unanimous about this than strategic experts are about disengagement. The prevailing opinion, long accepted on the authority of Dr. Teller, proves to have been based on political prejudice rather than scientific fact. To devise a detection-system sufficiently accurate for all practical purposes turns out not to be beyond human capabilities. Hence the whole attitude to the suspension of nuclear tests is in flux. Hitherto Russia has insisted on ending nuclear tests as a first priority; the West, on the other hand, has consistently linked suspension of tests with a halt in manufacture. If this deadlock can be overcome, agreement is not impossible, and there are welcome signs that both Mr. Dulles and Mr. Macmillan are moving in this direction. Agreement to suspend tests for three years—the project upon which the State Department is said to be working—will create a breathing-space, during which it will be possible to negotiate the next step: the abolition of the production of fissionable material for weapons.

5. There remains the question which touches the United States most closely: the control of outer space. This question is vital for the United States because, as Dr. Libby of the Atomic Energy Commission has said, Russia now has the power to "annihilate us," while the United States has still to carry out its first tests on nuclear warheads for its own ICBM. In these circumstances, it is almost inconceivable that American opinion would accept any agreement which omitted this cardinal item. Russia will not agree to give up the use of outer space and intercontinental missiles, so long as America retains bases surrounding Russia from which short-range missiles can be launched; and it is equally understandable that the United States will not dismantle these bases unless an effective control organization is set up and Russia cuts its conventional forces so that they are not a threat to Western Europe after the American retaliatory bases have been liquidated. These, however, are matters for negotiation and the sort of give-and-take which a summit conference, better than any other procedure, can facilitate.

THE PRECEDING analysis may, to some readers, seem unduly optimistic. But no one would deny that agreement on even two or three of the five headings listed would be sufficient to produce a radical change in the international atmosphere; and no one, I think, could maintain that the area of disagreement over any of them is so wide that a solution is out of the question. The amount of common ground is larger than is commonly believed, and it is not a question of "trusting the Russians." The real enemy today is not Russia, but war itself.

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Metamorphoses of Yeats

THE VARIORUM EDITION OF THE POEMS OF W. B. YEATS. Edited by Peter Allt and Russell K. Alspach. The Macmillan Co. 884 pp. $18.50.

M. L. Rosenthal

THE Variorum Yeats! I was going to start by saying what pure pleasure it is to see—and to have—this large and beautiful, yet workmanlike, volume whose editors have tried "to note all the changes Yeats made in his poems in the course of their successive printings."

And yet a certain melancholy grips the vitals. Yeats, like Joyce, had the artistic cunning of the serpent; we see its workings in his endless revisions in book after book during his creative lifetime—and he published poems in more than a hundred books of various kinds. But the triumph of his cunning lay in the Definitive Edition of his *Collected Poems*, the proofs of which he had corrected shortly before his death in 1939. (Owing to the war, this edition did not appear in England until a decade later; the American printing came only two years ago.) Here we received the whole of his poetry as he had come to conceive it and in the order in which he wished it arranged. Half a century ago, indeed, he wrote that when he remade his poems it was "myself that I remake," and in the same year he wove a half-playful incantation against all who might tamper with the remaking:

> *Accursed who brings to light of day*
> *The writings I have cast away!*
> *But blessed he who stirs them not*
> *And lets the kind worm take the lot!*

Beneath the facetiousness lies a poet's inevitable unease at being viewed in any light save that which he himself projects in the living present. Now the *Variorum* reprints more than sixty poems omitted from the definitive *Collected Poems* and recalls the earlier versions of poems drastically remolded over the years. We still have the definitive text on these new pages, but it is surrounded by the old serpent's cast-off husks of skin, preserved in bibliographical formaldehyde. Their presence—who could ever have foreseen this?—has the embalmer-staunched atmosphere of death about it. Poor Yeats is now not only the great poet of this century; he is an Official, Dead, Great Poet — an Industry, a Vested Interest, apart from his intrinsic merits. One can almost, alas, foresee the revolt of the young against the "oppressive" idioms of his phrasing and rhythm, against his aesthetic tenets and his embodiments of a world in revolutionary torment, and against his search for what he called an image of the modern world's self-discovery. It becomes possible to visualize the J. Donald Adamses of the future "defending" him against his true but temporarily alienated heirs and quoting, as we should all perhaps now quote, those vulgarly elegant lines of Auden's—

> Earth, receive an honoured guest;
> William Yeats is laid to rest. . . .

BUT THESE are unjust thoughts. The best writers survive their own institutionalization and the inevitable literary reactions against them. Nor are scholarship and criticism to blame that their aims cannot be identical with those of the creative figures they study. The *Variorum Edition*, product of a long collaboration between Russell Alspach and the late Peter Allt, enables us to see the poems in a setting, as it were, of their own history, illuminating a body of writing which—so subtly, often, did Yeats structure it—sometimes appears to change radically in its implications with every new reading. It provides, moreover, collated versions of Yeats's notes, prefaces and dedications, bringing together almost all the materials necessary to textual study except the manuscript-forms of the poems, publication of which "must await their coming to light through the years." We betray the poet and his vision only if we allow preoccupation with the mechanics of such an edition to obscure what they are intended to illuminate.

Given this starting point, there is much in this particular volume to fill a young poet with courage. Often (though this is deceptive) it does not seem *too* impossible to think of rivaling the early Yeats. We find him publishing, at the age of twenty-four, a long poem that begins:

> Oisin, tell me the famous story
> Why thou outlivest, blind and hoary,
> The bad old days. Thou wert, men sing,
> Trapped of an amorous demon. . . .

A later redaction, the one included in the Definitive Edition, alters things drastically, slowing down the jingling movement, sloughing off the archaisms, choosing words of stronger affect:

> You who are bent, and bald, and blind,
> With a heavy heart and wandering mind,
> Have known three centuries, poets sing,
> Of dalliance with a demon thing.

The possibilities for improvement in this poem (*The Wanderings of Oisin*, first printed in 1889) were limited, but Yeats did what he could when the opportunity arose. Following up hundreds of such changes, we can trace his development from an almost unconscious imitator of the modes prevailing in his youth to the most effective craftsman of our day. For the early poems, the definitive version is at many points a sophistication of something basically naive: our modern absorption in complex, paradoxical poetic statement, and in concrete and compressed presentation, does some violence to one tradition of limpid lyricism in English verse. Yeats, who was crucially instrumental in setting up the ideal of a mature, vigorous verse that is intellectually as well as emotionally challenging, did usually improve his early writing in the revision, but sometimes destroyed a delicate fabric whose original simplicity he could not quite recapture. An unfortunate

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incidental result of his continual efforts at "remaking" has been an almost total discounting by criticism of his work before about 1910, work which includes such lovely variations on folk-materials as "The Stolen Child" and such exquisite arrangements of intellectual, dramatic and symbolic elements as "Adam's Curse." Nevertheless, his need to rework what was already in print, together with his responsiveness to criticism and to the technique of younger poets, was one of the most powerful reasons behind his growth in stature.

MANY of the changes show not only stylistic tightening but also self-liberation from the clichés of poetic movements. The sinister faeries of "The Stolen Child" sang, in what we might call a composite early version, that

> In pools among the rushes,
> That scarce could bathe a star,
> We seek for slumbering trout,
> And whispering in their ears
> We give them evil dreams. . . .

Revising the passage, Yeats omitted the commas closing lines one and three, and altered the fifth line to read: "Give them unquiet dreams." The open punctuation helps the eerie flow of suggestive melody, as does the omission of "we" in the last line and the substitution of the less pretentious but more active "unquiet" for "evil." In addition, though, "evil" is too *easy* a word, a short-cut to Blakean and proto-Symbolist effects. By deleting it Yeats removed an identifying label that was a little too pat by the early 1890s when this change was made. The poems underwent numerous virtually invisible but highly significant alterations of this sort throughout his career.

More exciting, to the general reader certainly, are the revisions one discovers were made in some of the most famous later poems—in "Leda and the Swan," for instance, which originally began:

> A rush, a sudden wheel, and hovering still
> The bird descends, and her frail thighs are pressed
> By the webbed toes, and that all-powerful bill
> Has laid her helpless face upon his breast.

These lines, after their first few printings, became:

> A sudden blow: the great wings beating still
> Above the staggering girl, her thighs caressed
> By the dark webs, her nape caught in his bill,
> He holds her helpless breast upon his breast.

The action becomes more sudden and powerful, the dramatic onslaught more sensuously felt and visualized; the more mysterious "dark webs" replaces the faintly absurd "webbed toes"; the trite "all-powerful" is dropped, in such a way as to enhance the sharpness of the picture; and an anticlimactic effect in the fourth line is turned brilliantly into a symbolic moment of mysterious sexual confrontation.

AMONG the hitherto uncollected pieces, incidentally, we find what might be considered a startling variation on the Leda motif in some lines on George Moore:

> Moore once had visits from the muse
> But fearing that she would refuse
> An ancient lecher took to geese
> He now gets novels at his ease.

"Made long ago," Yeats comments disingenuously in a 1909 diary entry, "but written now because it comes up into memory, and it may amuse me in some moment of exasperation with that artless man." The more decorous amongst us may think such invective unbecoming an Official, Dead, Great Poet. But he is *not* dead — he lives, and always has lived. Think, too, how alive, and still relevant, is the casual couplet he tossed off almost thirty years ago "on reading poems by certain young writers in an American magazine of verse"—

> The heart well worn upon the sleeve
> may be the best of sights,
> But never, never dangling leave the
> liver and the lights.

SOME of the notes and prefaces add much to the richness of this edition. Thus, Yeats's note on "Leda and the Swan," written in 1924 for *The Dial* but never reprinted in any of the collected editions, shows fascinatingly how his imagination worked. It shows, especially, how his political attitudes entered into poems whose conception one would think was as far as possible removed from the issues of the forum. Perhaps Yeats preferred not to publish it again just because it was so revealing in this fashion, or perhaps—one can only guess—he felt it was too much a kind of posing, or was not quite right stylistically, or made the poem out to be less seriously motivated than it should be. But, despite its eccentric identifications, it is saturated with a type of awareness that is an essential clue to the relevance of his poetry to the major questions of his time:

> I wrote "Leda and the Swan" because the editor of a political review asked me for a poem. I thought, "After the individualist, demagogic movement, founded by Hobbes and popularized by the Encyclopaedists and the French Revolution, we have a soil so exhausted that it cannot grow that crop again for centuries." Then I thought, "Nothing is now possible but some movement from above preceded by some violent annunciation." My fancy began to play with Leda and the Swan for metaphor, and I began this poem; but as I wrote, bird and lady took such possession of the scene that all politics went out of it, and my friend tells me that his "conservative readers would misunderstand the poem."

The "conservatism" of the readers here referred to was obviously of literary rather than political attitudes. Yeats's own "conservatism" was of another kind—the kind that kindles vast revolutions of thought: a shifting of perspective toward neglected points of value of such a nature that it hardly mattered what parties he might vote for, or not vote for. This note is but one of the many items we may ponder with delight and passion, and sometimes with bitterness, in this volume; there is no end to the book's instructiveness, nor to our indebtedness to its devoted and distinguished editors.

Notice

The Private World of Pablo Picasso, reviewed in the March 29 *Nation*, is published by The Ridge Press. The hard-cover edition is distributed by Harper and Brothers, the paper edition by Pocket Books.

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A Measure of Silence

THE UNSILENT GENERATION. Edited by Otto Butz. Rinehart & Co. 189 pp. $2.95.

Richard Schickel

THAT eleven Princeton seniors have been persuaded to write anonymous essays about "themselves and their world" is hardly conclusive evidence that the current college generation has suddenly found its tongue (if, indeed, it ever really lost it). Nor are the essays, contained in a book entitled *The Unsilent Generation*, good refutations of the charge that this generation is silent. That is unfortunate, for it is about time someone laid to rest that "silent generation" tag which has been around for at least seven years.

In my undergraduate days it was fashionable to blame Senator McCarthy and his ism for the air of quietude which hung over the campus. But man and ism are dead now, and the simple explanation for all that silence is dead with them. With it gone, almost every intellectual in America has had a crack at building a theory to explain the silence. It is time for someone to advance the notion that this generation is not so very different, in most respects, from all the generations which preceded it. It is neither so terribly silent nor so frightfully noisy. What it mainly seems to lack is a spokesman like Scott Fitzgerald, who drew a picture of a noisy minority that came, in time, to stand for an entire generation. If not an individual spokesman, it needs a brash lot of rebels like those who stood outside the depression generation majority and thumbed their noses at the majority's values. What this generation lacks, in short, are outsiders — noisy ones, who provide the fireworks.

The generation does have, however, some quiet critics. One of them shows up amongst the yea-sayers in Mr. Butz's book. He is the author of a piece called "The Third Eye" and he says: "We are the generation of the third eye, the eye of self-consciousess, the eye of self-criticism. Whatever we do is subject to its gaze; when we are sad it mocks the poses we assume; and when we are gay it does not share our levity, but seems to smirk. . . ." All attempts to sever this eye from its possessors, "by political creed, by personal attachment, by complete loyalty to any entity beyond the self would be resisted mightily." This, then, is the skeptical generation. Its intellectuals aren't going to commit themselves to much of anything without testing it for, say, twenty or thirty years.

On the level of the intellectuals this skepticism is by no means a totally bad thing. You will not find youngsters blindly embracing ideologies without testing them. No, the trouble comes on a different level — as the other ten essays in *The Unsilent Generation* unconsciously show. And the trouble is not skepticism, but a total lack of it. In these essays you get an impression of premature adjustment to middle age and to the middle class. Yet, since many of the writers go into considerable autobiographical detail, it is clear that, as a group, it would be difficult to find people with more genuine right to question the predominant values of their society. By and large, their early experiences with life were enough to make anyone maladjusted. But not one of them questions a single value of their upper middle-class peer group.

WHAT ARE the values of these men who their editor seems to feel are "unsilent" critics of their society? One states a typical middle-class snobbery when he says, "I want to be more capable than the mediocre masses, whom I despise because of their apathy and mediocrity." With his father, he seems to share a common view of the business community: "I am now confidently looking forward to entering the world of big business . . . because I think it offers the greatest and most exciting challenge." Another Princetonian speaks up for good old-fashioned Social Darwinism when he says, "I will simply continue to treat every situation as one in which only the fittest will survive . . . I'll have to act strictly in my own self-interest and on my own behalf. . . . I am going to have to take every short cut, every means at my disposal, to achieve my desired ends." Others advocate moral spinelessness as the surest way to success: "Though rigid, undeviating standards, allowing no compromise with pre-established principle, are admirable in the young and sweetly naive, they are painful and dangerous features of an adult personality." Here is one student's notion of education's role: "Princeton and her sister institutions are training future presidents of General Motors." A friend of his advocates a "closed mind" system of education, thus: "Economic interpretations of the Constitution . . . are not fit intellectual fodder for young minds that have not been firmly attached to faithful adherence to all that is best in our tradition."

NOW, where have we heard statements like these before? Why, from the spokesmen of the middle-class in all the ages of our history. Does repetition of these old saws—anonymously—constitute any meaningful breaking of silence on the part of the college generation? I think not.

Since it was hinted at the beginning that "silent generation" is perhaps a misnomer for this generation, why should this book, dedicated to proving this extremely valid point, fail to do so?

Otto Butz, the editor and instigator of this symposium, states in his introduction that in the United States the intellectual critic who operates from outside the status society may soon disappear entirely. "But rather than a loss, this circumstance may, very pos-

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The Minister of Finance

Four clawed dragons, wound in muscled love
Atop a tower for eyes and guns, secure
The Copenhagen Bourse from the inroads of
Men, gods, and spirits riding from the cove.

Below that tower, within a gold-lit cave,
Brisk businessmen scan speeding tickertape,
Shout gambling numbers in the Platonic gloom
And win the ancient privilege of a tomb.

One day I saw the minister of finance
Stride out with full portfolio in hand
To where a flock of spendthrift, hungry gulls
Wheeled, crying, round his head: gulls from the Sound

Where only buoy-bells stir the pastures of
The sea and sky and where one moment past
A fisherman drew slow nets from the spray.
The nettled minister waved them away.

STEPHEN STEPANCHEV

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sibly, turn out to be a unique gain. *For what could be a sounder situation for a society which hopes to remain dynamic, stable and free than to have the essential function of social criticism, awareness and soul-searching performed by its businessmen, professionals and administrators themselves?*" The italics are the author's.

Butz finds the essays in his collection "encouraging" because they are written by people whom he thinks to be potential leaders as well as intellectuals. With one or two exceptions — and despite their authors' confidence in their Princeton educations — the essays are hardly striking examples of intellectuality, even by undergraduate standards. But let that pass and turn to Butz's basic premise, which is a false one.

The "essential function of social criticism, awareness and soul searching" cannot be undertaken by persons as deeply committed to the status quo as businessmen and professional and administrative leaders. Their criticism, while valuable in a limited way, will never raise itself above a narrow questioning of minor inadequacies within the existing social order. The uncommitted intellectual, the marginal man, if you will, is an essential balance wheel. Such men always face a problem when they attempt to communicate with the middle-class, but when the intellectual history of the age is written, it is very often these men who stand out as its real leaders.

THE trouble with Butz's book is that he did not seek out the youths who will be, in ten or twenty years, the leading outsiders, the leading marginal men. Rather, he found the men whom they will be criticizing, the members of the safe, sane — and boring — majority. It is not insignificant that *Life* chose to print, a few weeks ago, long excerpts from *The Unsilent Generation*, for it contains nothing but the sort of criticism which its editors and readers can digest.

This is not to say that a critic must adopt a doctrine like Marxism in order to make his points. But he must, if his criticism is to have any vitality, withdraw somewhat from the mass of men before he establishes the launching pad for his rockets.

Among collegians there are a few such critics. Some have found existentialism to be a useful tool in social analysis. Others have found plain skepticism, of a sweeping sort, to be useful. The writer who has struck the most responsive chord with the young intellectuals is, not surprisingly, J. D. Salinger who created, in his Holden Caulfield, this generation's spokesman. Caulfield, "the catcher in the rye," is a quintessence of current attitudes among college intellectuals. He is cynical, an outsider, an abhorer of doctrines and a puncturer of pomposities. Yet, for all that, he is basically good-hearted. He, and those who admire him, are the true social critics — the possessors of the third eyes — among the young intellectuals.

Their criticism is a little more quiet, a good bit more weary, a lot less doctrinaire, than that offered by preceding college critics. Unless one looks closely one fails even to note these people (hence their failure to halt the crude "silent generation" charge). Nevertheless, they are out there, observing us with those third eyes of theirs. It is unfortunate that Butz was able to find only one such student to write for his symposium. I hope that someday someone will persuade a group of them to record for posterity their quiet mutterings. That would make quite a book.

Islands of the East

THE TEN THOUSAND THINGS. By Maria Dermoût. Simon and Schuster. 244 pp. $3.75.

Mina Curtiss

THE TEN THOUSAND THINGS is a magical novel about life in the past on an island in the Moluccas. Its nostalgic charm is inevitably thrown into dramatic relief by the accounts in the current news of Indonesian refugees, Dutch natives who speak no word of Dutch, who have lived always in a tropical climate, and who are now being flown by the thousands into the cold, dour winter of Holland.

Madame Dermoût, who wrote this first novel at the age of sixty-seven, was born in Java of a Dutch Colonial family. For twenty-seven years she lived on the islands of Java, Celebes and the Moluccas. This book, written after her return to Holland, has all the poetry of "emotion recollected in tranquillity," and no aura of present bitterness. Against the background of exquisite descriptions of the islands, and of the actual living folklore of the natives, it tells the story of a grandmother and a granddaughter, both Dutch colonials, born in the Indies.

Madame Dermoût projects with complete detachment and without comment the curious balance that existed for so long between the authority of the Dutch rulers and the power described by Louis Couperus, an earlier Dutch novelist, as "a force deep-hidden in the things of India, in the nature of Java, in the climate . . . a hidden force . . . hostile to our temperament, our blood, our bodies, our souls, our civilization, to all that seems to us the right thing to do and be and think." In this conflict between East and West lies the crux of both Couperus' *The Hidden Force* and *The Ten Thousand Things*. Couperus' characters, fighting against the invisible enemy, dwindle away in decay and defeat. Madame Dermoût's heroine, accepting the mystique of the indigenes left fundamentally untouched by the civilization of the conquerors, is submerged in a haunted world of ghosts and magic.

Part of the communicative excellence of this book is due to the impeccable translation by Hans Koningsberger, whose own first novel is about to appear. An enterprising publisher would commission Mr. Koningsberger to re-translate Louis Couperus' *Small Souls* series, written before the First World War, and analogous to the *Forsyte Saga*. These novels cast a vivid light on the Dutch society that has been rejected by Indonesians of today.

MINA CURTISS is the editor of The Letters of Marcel Proust. *Her biography,* Bizet and His World, *will be published later this year.*

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Second Impressions

Robert M. Wallace

THE New American Library (Mentor, Signet and Signet Key series) this spring begins its eleventh year. NAL Mentor books are unmatched as a mass-circulation series of serious non-fiction titles, but more popularly designed Signet Key reference books and Signet fiction titles have made the big sales records. None quite matches the *Pocket Book of Baby and Child Care,* but Erskine Caldwell's *God's Little Acre* has sold more than seven million copies, and his dozen Signet titles more than 35,000,000 all together.

Meanwhile Dutton Everyman Paperbacks have appeared and ten more titles are due this month from the Everyman and Dutton backlists. Walter Allen's fresh and informative *The English Novel,* Axel Munthe's *Story of San Michele,* Van Wyck Brooks's *Flowering of New England,* and other titles are well chosen, the format and quality of paper superior to the old Everyman hardbacks and the possibilities exciting. The editors should use only new critical apparatus, however, such as Eric Bentley's useful essay in Pirandello's *Naked Masks;* the introduction to *Letters From an American Farmer,* brought over from the 1912 Everyman issue, no longer adds to Crevecoeur's vivid first-hand observations of eighteenth century America.

Shakespeare

Shakespeare at Work: 1592-1603 (originally *Shakespeare Under Elizabeth*) by G. B. Harrison (Ann Arbor, $1.75) with masterful rapidity presents a mass of detail and critical insight. The prodigious energy of Shakespeare's early experimentation and the brevity of his apprenticeship are impressively shown. *Shakespeare of London* by Marchette Chute (Everyman, $1.55), which is comprehensive and deservedly popular, recreates the whole of Shakespeare's life but attempts little critical analysis of his works. *Shakespeare's Imagery and What It Tells Us* by Caroline F. E. Spurgeon (Beacon, $2.45), more open to detailed exception than either of the preceding books, is nonetheless more inventive and stimulating. Miss Spurgeon dares to educe Shakespeare from his images, she illuminates the plays by analysis of their figures; as Mr. Harrison and Miss Chute tap the scholarship of decades, she lays open a vein for later students.

Editions: Eleven plays are available individually in the excellent Pelican Shakespeare (Penguin, 50c ea.), and ten others are on press. The Folger Library General Reader's Shakespeare (Pocket Library, 35c ea.), of which *Hamlet* is the fourth, will soon add *Julius Caesar.* Louis B. Wright, director, and Mrs. Virginia L. Freund, of the Folger staff, have prepared new texts, explained them with authoritative notes and provided introductions of exceptional competence and common sense.

Psychology

In the Spirit of William James by Ralph Barton Perry (Midland-Indiana, $1.50), a sympathetic analysis of James's philosophy, only slightly concerned with his psychology, is particularly interesting in its chapters on James and Royce, on "A Militant Liberal" and "The Right to Believe."

Behaviorism by John B. Watson (Phoenix-Chicago, $1.50), probably the most influential single book in shaping modern experimental psychology, directed attention to objectively observable behavior and away from the subjective experience and introspection which James used with great brilliance.

Freud and His Time by Fritz Wittels (Universal Library, $1.25) presents Freud's basic ideas on such widely diverse subjects as criminal law and art, clarifying them for general readers by setting them against a background of thought from Goethe to Einstein.

Studies in Hysteria by Joseph Breuer and Sigmund Freud (trans. A. A. Brill, Beacon, $1.45), one of the earliest and most important of the psychoanalytic writings, treats the nature of hysteria and its therapy through hypnosis and other means of awakening and giving expression to associated memories; it includes fully reported case histories and theoretical material.

Civilization and Its Discontents by Sigmund Freud (trans. Joan Riviere, Anchor, 95c), originally published in 1930, views the evolution of civilization and culture as a struggle between the instincts of love (Eros) and those of destruction (Death) and in the process of developing this theme attacks religions as "mass delusions."

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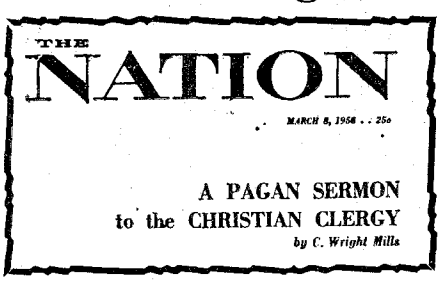

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Specialized Techniques in Psychotherapy, ed. Gustav Bychowski and J. Louise Despert (Evergreen, $1.95), makes no effort to transform the common reader into an analyst; instead it provides a sober and well-documented introduction to many general therapeutic methods, with emphasis on such common problems as alcoholism, stuttering and schizophrenia.

Miscellaneous

Sentimental Education by Gustave Flaubert (trans. Dora Knowles Ranous, intro. Louise Bogan, New Directions, $1.45) is the substantially autobiographical story of young Frederick Moreau's losing pursuit of ideal love in a time of romanticism's decline and death (1840-1851) which Flaubert and his present admirers tend to class above *Madame Bovary*. Its concern with a society in painful transition toward undefined standards gives it special relevance today; its very bulk and Flaubert's saturnine detachment give it a powerful impact. Not to quibble with so desirable a title which in general is so well presented, an occasional quaintness in the translation, as in *bedstead* for *lit* or *'Tis he* for *C'est lui*, and Miss Bogan's overthrowing the Orleans line rather than the Bourbons in 1830 do call for correction.

AT YOUR DRUGGIST: *Desire Under the Elms* by Eugene O'Neill (Signet, 35c); *Burmese Days* by George Orwell (Popular Library, 35c); *The Hills Beyond* by Thomas Wolfe (Pyramid, 50c); *The Long Hot Summer* (Book III of *The Hamlet*) by William Faulkner (Signet, 35c).

ART

Maurice Grosser

THE WORK of the French painter, Edouard Pignon, is being shown at the Perls Gallery until April 12. The pictures are principally landscapes, views of the Mediterranean countryside—hills with houses, trees and vineyards— subjects such as Cézanne or Derain might have painted, done in the bright, clear colors of Matisse. The novelty of the pictures is that this basic material is manipulated so that at first sight it could be mistaken for the free abstractions of Kandinsky.

Such superimposition is characteristic of our time. Picasso and Stravinsky are full of it—one subject matter dressed up in another's style—Cézanne's harlequin seen in the guise of a New York skyscraper or a jazz concerto fitted out as an opulent parody of late baroque. But unless the artist's invention and the vitality of his subject dominate his stylistic references, the work will be brilliant rather than original, and will soon wear thin.

Pignon is a gifted painter. In certain of the pictures, as in *La Colline de Bandol,* with its carefully planned architecture of railroad-cutting, field and hill, the combination of natural view and imposed pattern works extremely well. In others, the color is more decorative than functional, and the design wiggles as restlessly as any Arthur Rackham. In all, the work has something of the splashy virtuosity of a travel folder. One thinks of a commercial artist, more interested in his own skill than by the imposed commonplaces he is hired to illustrate. It is the old problem again, of form and content, a problem that is particularly vexing in our time.

Two other expositions now current offer extreme and opposite examples of this. One is the show of Charles Schucker at the Passedoit Gallery until April 5. The work is a form of drip painting. White pigment, poured like thick cream on to a heavy, unprimed, cotton sail-cloth, forms the compositional framework of the composition — a ribbon-like armature subsequently tinted by dilute washes of strong color which spread and settle in the interstices of the canvas. The shapes thus defined evoke landscapes and posturing human figures. Their fluid grace and muted expressivity bring to mind a faded aestheticism of another time, some minor follower of the pre-Raphaelites. The textures are refined and ingenious, the color combinations limited, the total effect monotonous and trivial.

The work of Charles White, shown a few doors away at the ACA Gallery, is in every way Schucker's exact opposite. The pictures are large drawings, principally in chalk with pen-and-ink on very large sheets of paper. The subjects are Negro men and women, life size, in heavy, sculptural modeling. The background is either a vague fog or a detailed back-drop with little relation to the figures. Composition is perfunctory. Everything has been sacrificed to the human warmth of gesture and feature. The isolation of the figures from the background, their oversize, the rounded drawing of the forms, altogether produce an intense emotional projection, comparable only to the crayon enlargements of family photographs one used to find in small country farm houses.

Shucker and White, each in his own way, are extremely skillful. If they are interesting, however, it is because they present instructive and extreme examples of what professional painters have always known that painting should not be. The one illustrates shape without content; the other, content without form.

A heresy is an exaggerated truth. The heresy exemplified by Charles Schucker is that painting is only a craft; that pictures are made, not by the development of images, but by the manipulation of materials. The painter's attention is on design—on color, texture and concerned with the images his work evokes. Though any smudge or wiggly line inevitable engenders pictorial associations, these associations, supplied by the subconscious mind, are an unimportant adjunct. The picture is to be judged, not by the emotional appeal of its images, but by the memorability of its design, the individuality of its paint and the elegance of its calligraphy. This is the approach to painting that is most generally taught in art schools today where the systematic neglect of all purposeful communication limits painting to decoration and places it squarely among the applied arts.

The work of Charles White, directed

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uniquely to the illustration of human sentiment, exemplifies the opposite heresy, a heresy that is the extreme result of the painter's training as it was formerly understood. The painter has learned to draw and nothing else. He has been taught little about color, scale, paint handling, or composition. He knows only how to represent on a flat surface the solid forms he sees and feels in nature. These forms have intense emotional connotations. But how to transpose and confine them to a canvas, to make them into a picture, he has not learned. Nor has he learned, as Cézanne did, that painting is not sculpture. So that he will sometimes even try to paint by putting transparent colors on top of a drawing in black and white as one would tint a photograph. Just the same, such work, in spite of its lack of pictorial amenities, is likely to have a great popular appeal on account of the direct and unveiled emotional force possessed by any convincing representation of the human form.

Both these approaches to painting are equally unacceptable. One is elegant and esoteric; the other warm and intimate. Both are easily perverted. The elegance of form without content lends itself all too quickly to industrial layout and packaging; while unhampered emotion, sentiment without art, leads straight to the inanities of soap opera and the generalities of propaganda.

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FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE GENERAL reception of the filmed *Desire Under the Elms* seems to me too harsh. Granting that it is not a definitive interpretation of O'Neill's play, granting, in fact, that there is something wrong at the center of it; still, what other film of the season offers comparable dramatic content, and how often does the screen deal so unmincingly with the violence of the soul? The Irwin Shaw script and the Don Hartman production attempt to deal honorably with the play and the result is by no means dishonorable. I would rather see *Desire Under the Elms* in this version than not see it at all.

The fault of the picture is a desire to please. Its producers have "spared no expense" to serve O'Neill and to impress their public, and as a result they have varnished the play's grimness. They have thought to give O'Neill a farm set worthy of his genius; I'm sure it looks stark enough by California standards, but the Pacific Coast has forgotten New England. And for cast they have assembled actors of great personal charm whose first commandment is that the audience must be entertained. It is quite impossible for Burl Ives to refrain from giving a winning performance; Anthony Perkins, a young man of great promise and little experience, has been polished into stardom by Broadway's most astute technicians; and of course Sophia Loren has risen to renown by showing the boys what they so clearly want to see. They all work hard at this rocky, merciless tragedy (Miss Loren, notably, submits herself to her part with a seriousness she has not shown before) but they make the tragedy happen to a group of rather charming people. I came from the picture feeling reasonably cheerful—people with that much good blood in them may be terribly down but they are never completely out. Plenty of bad luck, of course, but the lash of the sardonic gods is never heard.

This picture is an honest, intelligent try—as a college production of *Oedipus Rex* may be honest and intelligent. But Hollywood also is young at heart and it does not see, or dare to see, the old, cold anger in the heart of O'Neill.

What worries me about the more responsible film treatments of important works is their permanence. Stage productions—the good as well as the bad—soon become legendary and each new generation must solve its own problems. But pictures go into archives, and a hundred years from now it would be reasonable enough for a producer to dig out the old footage and school himself on how O'Neill's near-contemporaries interpreted him. Conscientious film librarians should stamp "Not Official" across the opening sequence of *Desire Under the Elms*. And they should do the same for Olivier's *Hamlet* and *Richard III*. The danger, ironically, comes only from the better pictures. Yul Brynner's *Brothers Karamazov*, for example, will never be confused with Dostoevski's version of the same work.

THE RECENT bloody-mindedness of the French studios (*Razzia, Rififi, Diabolique,* etc.) is apparently growing slack. Apparently, that is, from the new waxworks exhibit, *Demoniaque*. This horror exercise involves wills, mistaken identity, well-cloaked madness, revenge, poisoned potions, spiritual seances, passionate bouts of piano virtuosity. That all sounds promising, perhaps, but the film is excessively meandering and cluttered with inconsequential detail. And at the moment of terrible resolution the audience destroys the toy with scornful laughter.

Our latest home-made fling at suspense is *Chase a Crooked Shadow*, made by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. in Spain. Spain is photogenic, but Franco is not, and I am ill-disposed toward bargain pictures made on the Iberian seacoast. Aside from that, Richard Todd and Anne Baxter conduct a puzzling and mildly sinister duel in gratifyingly expensive surroundings, and arrive at a denouement so antique you will not remember when you first encountered it.

SIDNEY POITIER, Juano Hernandez and Eartha Kitt have been enlisted in an earnest discussion of native aspirations in an unnamed African colony. *The Mark of the Hawk* covers the ground thoroughly — attempts of the ruling power to liberalize its policy, influence of missionary Christianity on the restive population, the rise of liberal political consciousness, the threat of primitive violence, the intransigence of greedy white owners — and it offers a good deal of violent action and individual heroics. It suffers, fatally I think, from polemics. The characters keep scoring points, and I felt I was being asked to judge an intercollegiate debate that had been ingeniously animated with slides.

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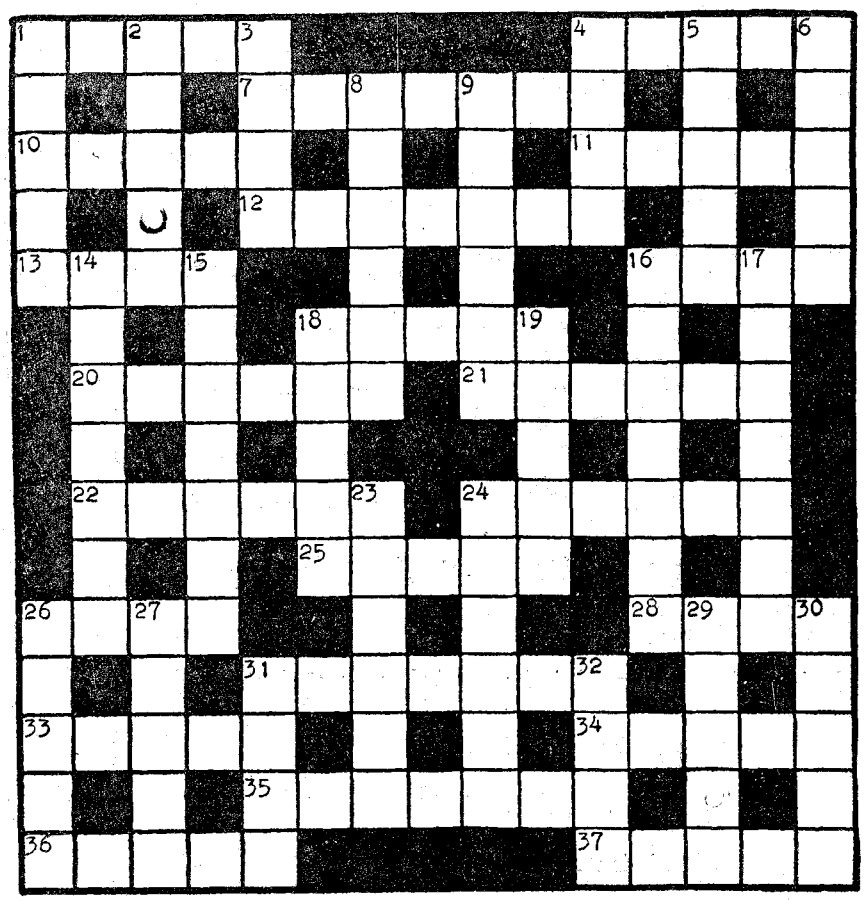
Crossword Puzzle No. 766

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 To cheat is sweet! (5)
4 Beaver-like? (5)
7 and 16 across Pretty much like a traveling exhibition? (7, 4)
10 The sooner the better to see it come back in a circle! (5)
11 33, for example. (5)
12 Arouses mention on the inside of sex deviation. (7)
13 What a dog does playing "I Spy"? (4)
16, 31 across and 20 Not the type one finds in need. (4, 7, 6)
18 The subject of Mussorgsky's first picture. (5)
20 See 16 across
21 Legate who might remind one of a little Napoleon. (6)
22 Grey's American didn't, however. (6)
24 Ten cohorts. (6)
25 A dance is for Indians, obviously. (5)
26 and 33 The butcher wouldn't be expected to supply such a self-indulgent person. (4, 5)
28 In dining, he enjoys melted butter. (4)
31 See 16 across
33 See 26 across
34 Nokomis told her little one to go to sleep. (5)
35 This is a fine way to get little more than 21! (7)
36 A first name in acting, perhaps, man or boy! (5)
37 Black one, by arrangement. (5)

DOWN:

1 and 26 across Modern ballet is neither plain nor expensive! (5, 4)
2 Loosely, hang a modicum around nothing. (5)
3 Not exactly a synonym for what one does to the villain. (4)
4 Ovation, but not getting into confusion for them. (4)
5 Myrtle's relative might make something to improve the toast. (5)
6 Its scanning demands a certain amount of reflection. (5)
8 Not the first part of a degree! (6)
9 Intimate, but without getting at how the hero is expected to arrive. (2, 4)
14 Not against being popular! (2, 5)
15 Lo, the poor Indian! Pope said this never taught his soul to stray. (7)
16 Shooting out in the far west? (7)
17 Strained. (7)
18 One never gets to sign a sheet without having to grind away. (5)
19 Without being observed, listen to this drop! (5)
23 What the world offers to Columbia! (6)
24 Sort of water turning to hail, it seems. (6)
26 Sheet of oil? (5)
27 Look up about between forty and fifty relatives of 18 across! (5)
29 Conversational gambit. (5)
30 Ordinarily shouldn't be forced to go into the books. (5)
31 This bird should be able to construct a well-designed place. (4)
32 Repetition without attention to meaning. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 765

Across: 1 HAWAIIAN GUITARS; 9 TRENCHANT; 10 DETER; 11 ENTOMB; 12 PERSONAL; 14 TIME BOMB; 16 ROILS, 17 NOCKS; 18 OIL PAINT; 20 TIGER RAG; 21 MISCUE; 24 CLIMB; 25 INTUITION; 26 SNAKE IN THE GRASS. Down: 1 HOTBED; 2 WHEAT; 3 INCOMMENSURABLE; 4 ADAM; 5 GUTTER BALL; 6 INDUSTRIALIZING; 7 ATTENTION; 8 STROLLS; 13 COLORATION; 15 INCOGNITA; 17 NOTICES; 19 TENNIS; 22 CHINA;

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